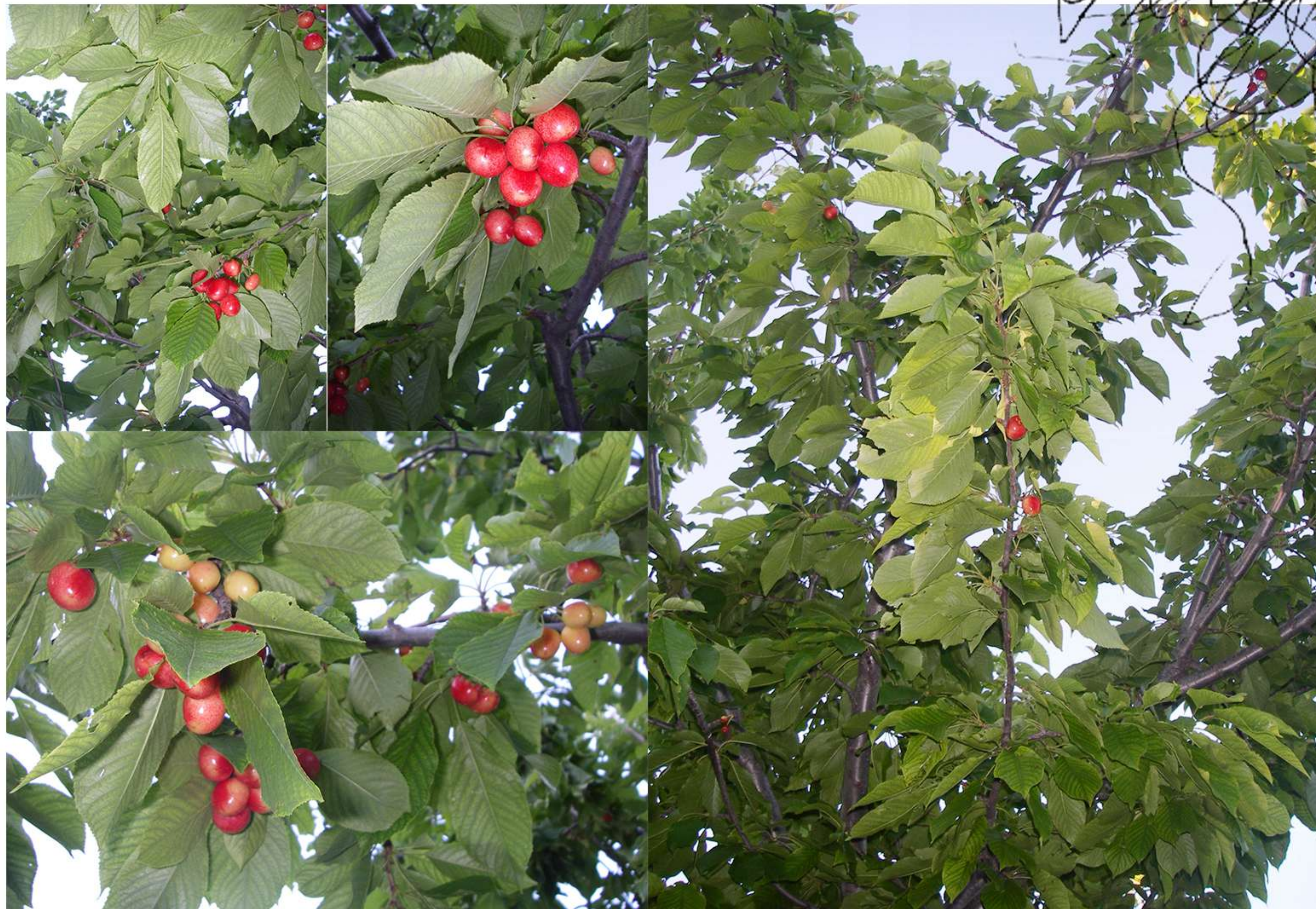
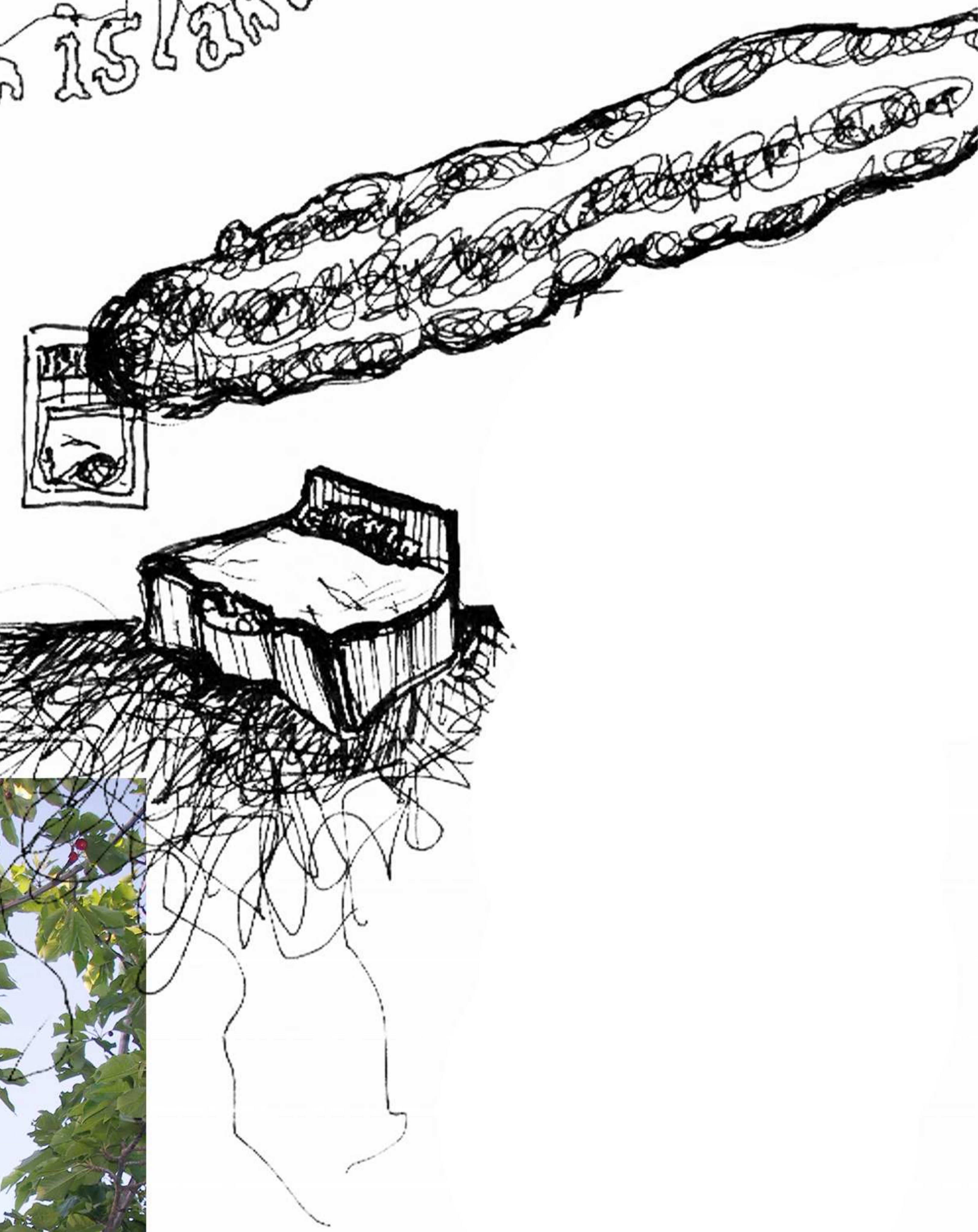




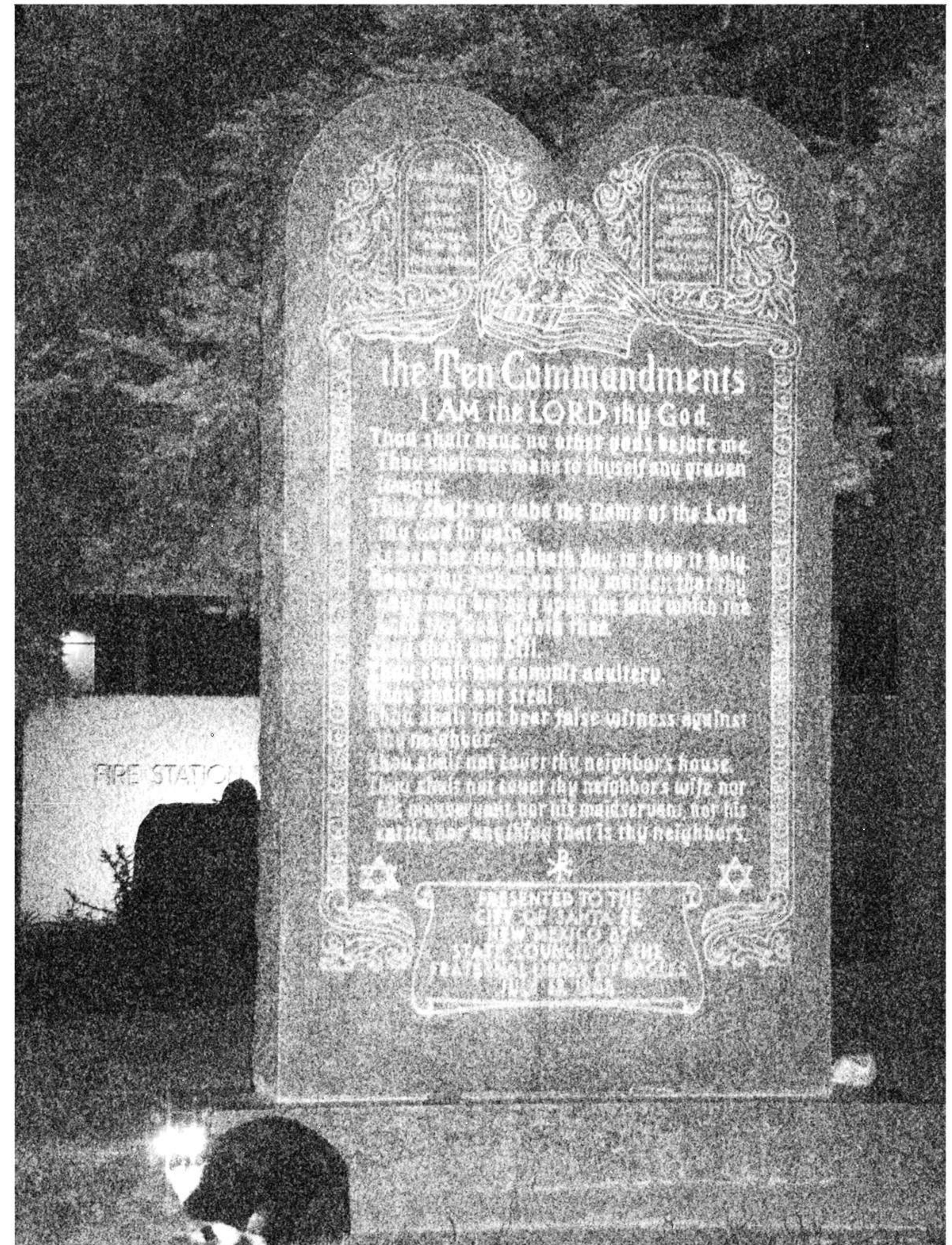


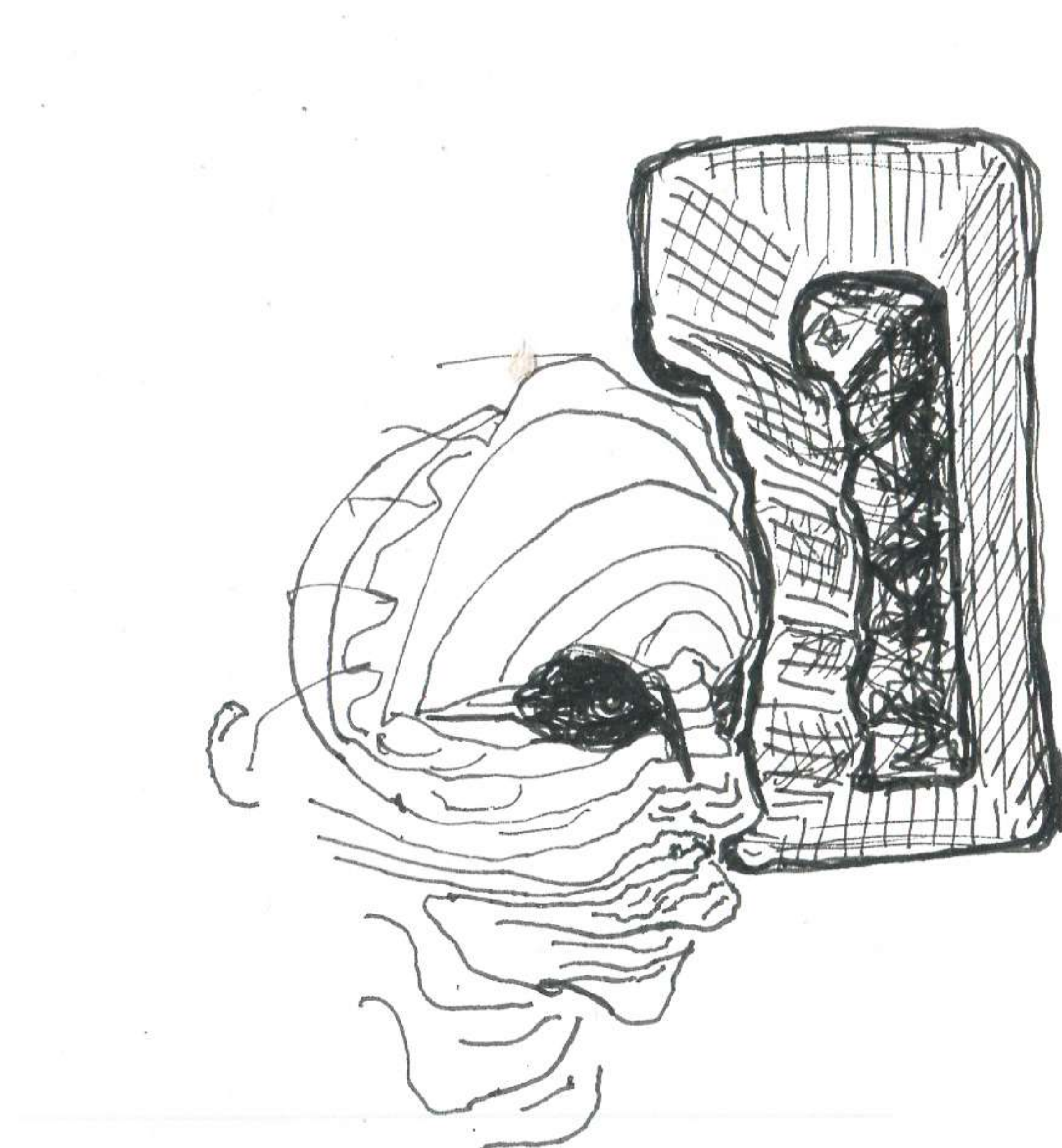


I am an island

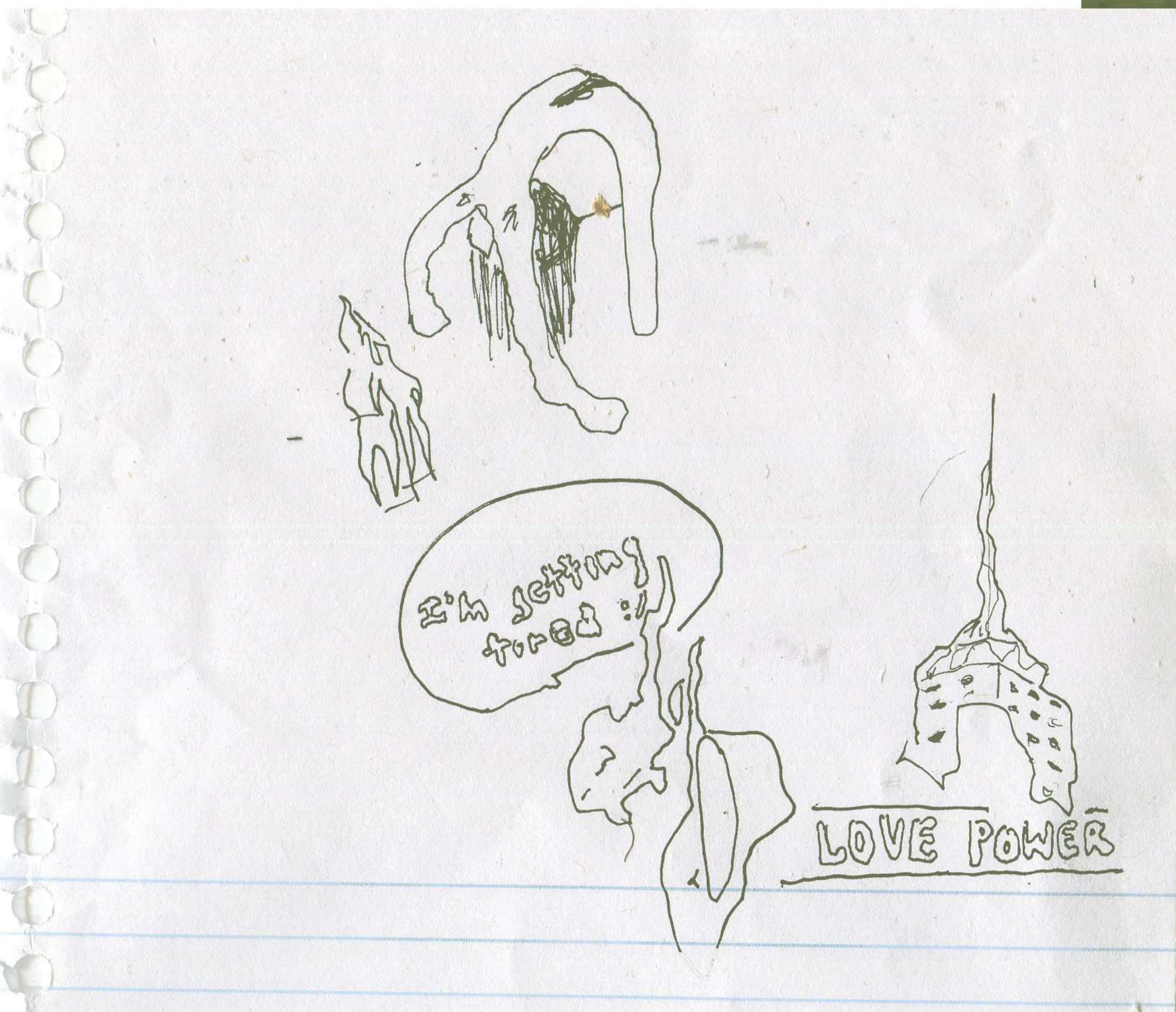




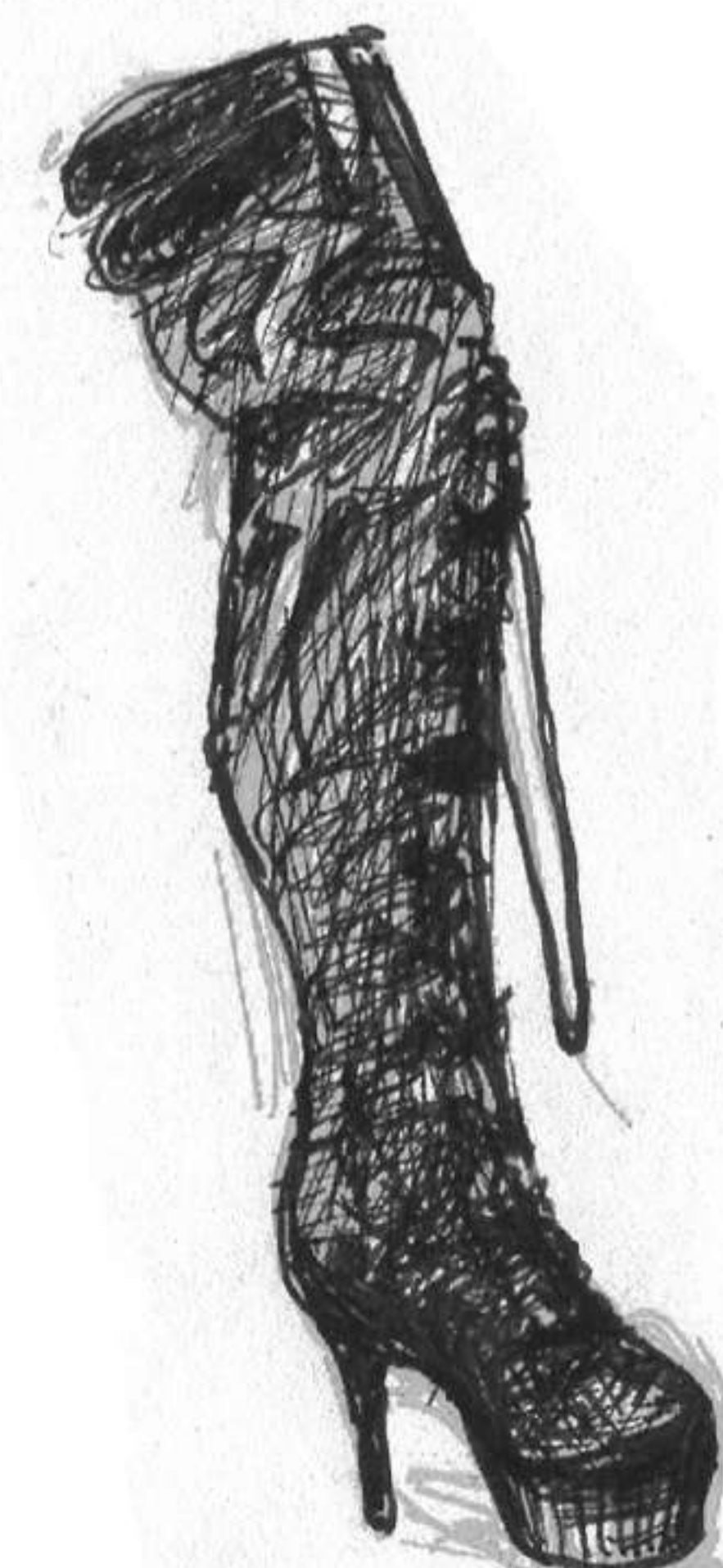
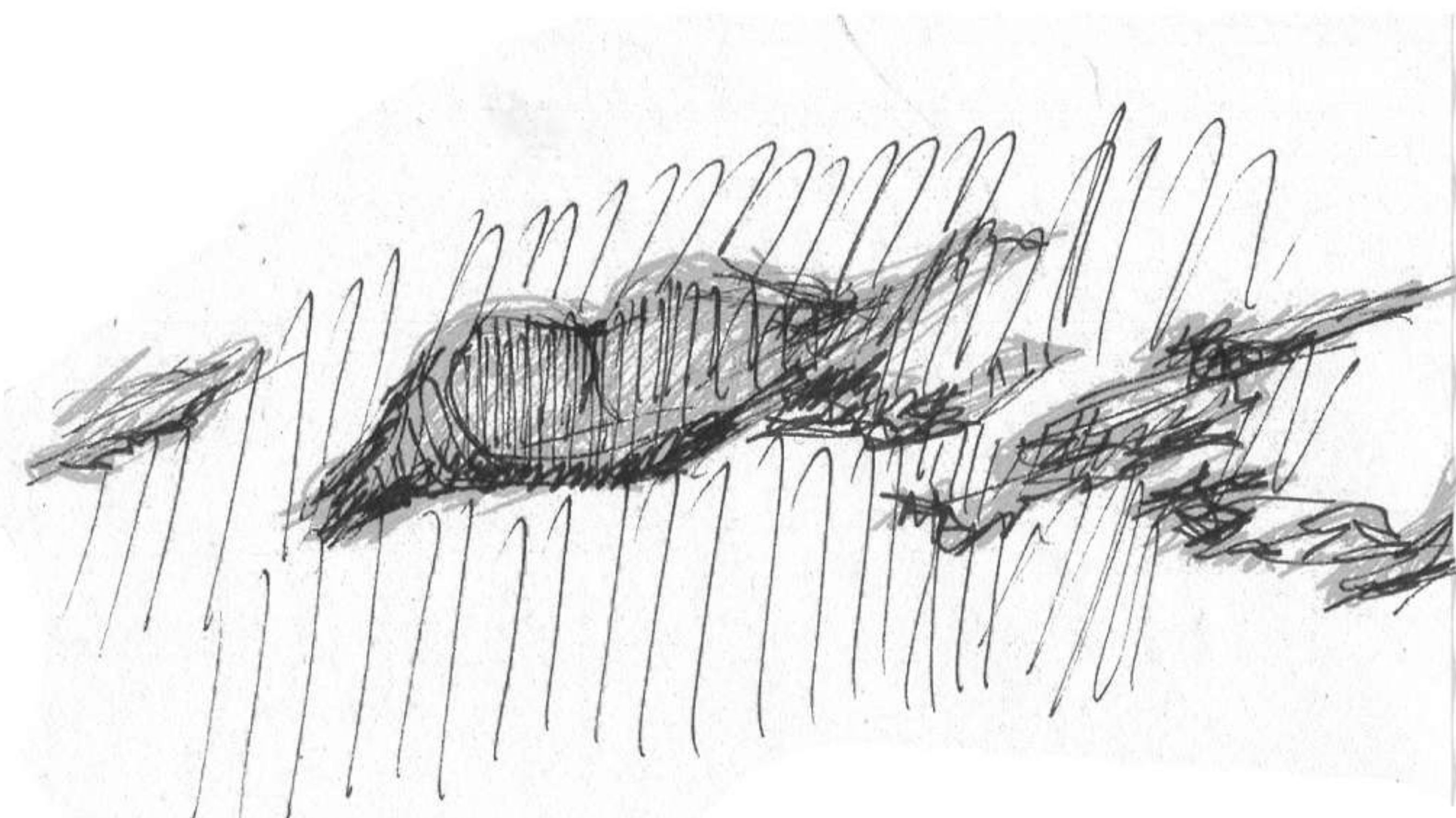




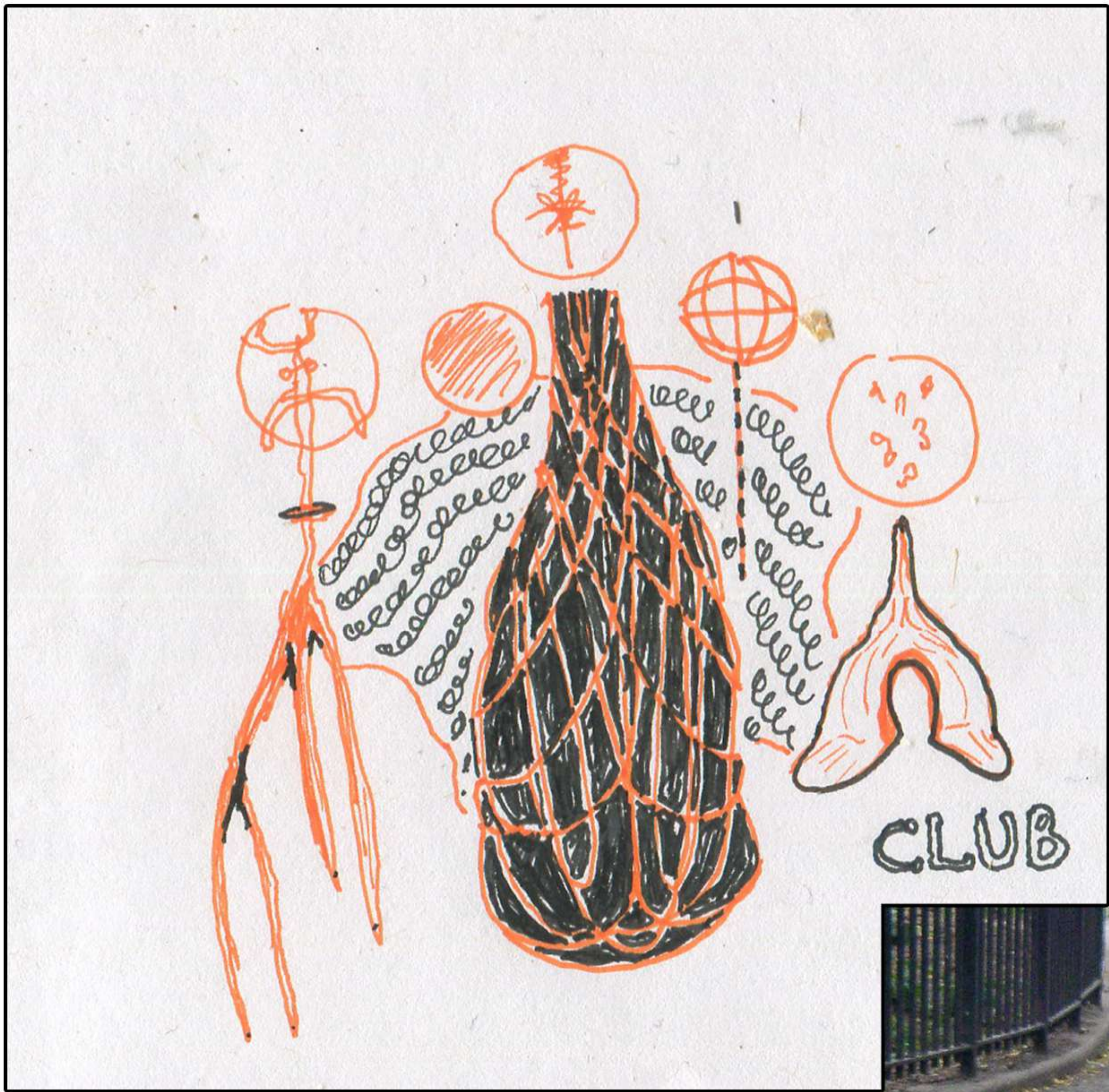
















the dung hill romances itself
until its hands sculpt a steeple
opposite their creative origin
moving ever upward the base tapers
into favored stroked that blindly topple

